

Eschequer, shortly afterwards to be Prime Minister. The rapid accession to office from comparative obscurity reminds, in some respects, of the Younger Pitt, except that Baldwin was thirty years older than his exceptional predecessor when he suddenly became famous.

The authors face up to Baldwin's difficulties over foreign policy as follows:

Unlike Lloyd George, Baldwin did not believe in trying to be his own Foreign Secretary. The answer to perhaps the most disputed question of all his political life, the extent to which he understood and shaped British policy abroad, can be found only in the full story of the inter-war years, but from the beginning he showed a humility, not to say a diffidence, about the interventions which historians have repaid by ignoring their frequency and their effect.

Stanley Baldwin was perhaps wise to show diffidence with Curzon; while the chapter about Austen Chamberlain is entitled "But you are Foreign Secretary". Yet his help in bringing about the Locarno settlement is described in some detail. On

page 899 it is stated that both Hoare and Baldwin were "broken on the wheel of public opinion" over the Hoare-Laval pact and this is described as one of Baldwin's "rare mistakes". "Something essential was lost", and the "gates were opened to a flood of troubles". This all leads on to the chapter, "The Year of the Locust". Here we have a description of Churchill's onslaughts, and at the end of the chapter as good an explanation of the notorious remark about rearmament as can be made: "I cannot think of anything that would have made the loss of the election from my point of view more certain."

The authors repeat the main points made in refutation of G. M. Young's indictment by Reginald Bisset in the *Cambridge Journal* of November, 1948. They sum up, "To be fair to one of the time thought Baldwin meant the 1935 election". The chapter concludes that, by the time the Prime Minister might with advantage have spoken frankly about Germany, he was taken up in the "Great irrelevance" of the Abdication.

The General Strike and the coal strike are sympathetically handled. On March 6, 1925, Baldwin had made his most famous speech, "Peace in our time and land". It was, as the authors describe it, "the epitome of that elusive indefinable but ever-present phenomenon—Tory Democracy". The Prime Minister said: "We stand for peace, we stand for the removal of suspicion in the country. We want to create an atmosphere, a new atmosphere in a new Parliament in which the people can come together."

The great Indian issue is tackled under two headings: "The Irwin Declaration" and "India". The speech of November 7, 1929, following the Irwin Declaration is described as follows:

For half an hour he wandered loftily among his own thoughts revealing a profound and imaginative insight into the whole historic problem of our connection with India past and future.

He talked of the "split migration of the aryan peoples", and wondered at the chance which had brought the

hard-bitten aryan of the North to labour with and for the meditative aryan of the tropic zone. This sort of speech explains why Baldwin held his party together on India, kept Churchill at bay and, in the last words of the India chapter,

If it had not been for Baldwin there might have been an Government of India Act, certainly it would have come too late so that by 1949 the state of India would indeed have resembled that of Ireland in 1921... a country torn by civil commotion open to the armies of Japan and afterwards, to the impact of communist China.

On the abdication we cannot expect the book to say much that is new after Lord Birkenhead's *Life of Walter Monckton*. This all represented a final tussle with Beaverbrook which was comparatively easily won, and who will ever forget Baldwin standing at the box in the Commons, fidgeting with his hand in his left pocket and pulling out an envelope and some motley notes from which he largely extemporized a most moving speech?

One wishes once, there, but, as we saw, there comes the end of the last chapter, exactly, but owing to popular demand, the book was enlarged. The Irwin Declaration, the speech of November 7, 1929, following the Irwin Declaration is described as follows:

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Habits of work

BY BRAGG: *The Hired Man*. Secker and Warburg. 30s.

again Melvyn Bragg has written a novel about rural life in England, and once again it is a worthy and sometimes a little to the point. A country girl sees her son washing himself under a cold shower.

The story begins in 1898 when John, aged eighteen and newly married, is walking to a Hiring, hoping to secure employment from a farmer. His grandfather gives him a piece of straw to stick in his mouth or under his hat, as a sign that he is for hire; but John is a little too proud to put up with this. This novel is largely concerned with the changing attitudes among working men during this century towards being "hired"—or employed, exploited, used. John's grandfather had "worked as if he was made for nothing else in the world: he called by 'sir' and 'master' those 'set above' him". The movement of Seth and, later, John into the pits involves them in corporate action against those set above. But there is another life-style hanging over from older times, that of the third brother, Isaac, who lives for sport, like a free man, changing his job frequently, leaving his wife for weeks on end, dealing with horses, dogs, fighting-cocks, boxing and gambling.

Isaac has a harsh and witty tongue; further examples of his humour would have been welcome in this often over-olemn novel. He meets John at the Hiring, jeers brutally, and leads him to the pub where Seth sits miserably with his whippet and a reprint of evidence to the 1842 Royal Commission on the Mines. Much later in the story, when Seth is in danger of being beaten up by a gang of anti-Union miners, Isaac appears, and it is arranged that the vendetta should be settled by a fist-fight, six men on each side. John finds it hard to persuade Seth into this.

His persuasion was tempered by the melancholy realization that he was urging his brother to a necessary action which with four instincts Seth wished to avoid. Though such a fight seemed futile to Seth, such a cooperative effort appealed to him.

Again the reader may wish that these thoughts had been put into words which the men might really have used. If the author had recorded their dialogue, which he can write so well, the situation would have been enlivened. (Of course, this would have taken up space, and Melvyn Bragg is determined to pack twenty-five years into his 220 pages.) The result of the fight is important. John had been planning to leave the pits but it is now "impossible to think of working anywhere in that town but with those he had fought". It is a similar sense of what is fitting that impels him to meet his brothers soon afterwards and volunteer for the First World War. There is enough in this theme to make a good novel; but Melvyn Bragg says a great deal more, as if challenged by the largeness of his subject-matter—the working class.

1798

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Weidenfeld & Nicolson

5 Winsley Street London W1.

Progressives old and new

JOHN G. SPROAT: *The Best Men: Liberal Reformers in the Gilded Age*. 366pp. Oxford University Press. 63 4s.

J. H. GAIINGER: *Character and Style in English Politics*. 291pp. Cambridge University Press. 12 10s.

STEPHEN E. KOSS: *Lord Haldane, Scapgoat for Liberalism*. 263pp. Columbia University Press. 64 1s.

Each of these books, and they are admirable examples of students' analysis of recent political history, may together prompt one question in the minds of their readers. Are historians, when they turn to the turmoil of party politics, more interested in the trivia of personality than in the achievements of persons?

Are they perhaps less interested in the lamb than in the putrefaction thereof? To an extent this is inevitable partly because the achievements are recorded and there is not a great deal more to be said about them. For example human beings are drawn to the picture of Lord John Russell in his dotage, being wheeled round the garden of Pembroke Lodge in a bathchair, as recalled by his formidable observant grandson, Bertrand Russell. That is something new and it lodges in the mind, driving out the names of the six boroughs disfranchised by Lord John in 1832. Moreover as we move farther away from the dead land of the shadows of the law of libel, it becomes possible to reveal the private fancies and inclinations

of public men: to show the truth about "the people's William" and the street-walkers, to measure the most trenchant and lucid of Liberal debaters, and to find that the feminist entanglements brought on himself by Lord Melbourne were not unfamiliar to the man who won the war. But there are dangers in all this, and they are illustrated by something written by a non-political personage. Trollope once told us that tobacco at mid-night in pleasant company was a biographer's might have devoted pages to this debauch if Trollope had not gone on to say that "it was the companion of smoking which I loved—not the habit". Few politicians have either the time or the inclination to analyse their private indulgences and there is a danger that an age, which is over-curious about peccadilloes, may distort the past by assuming that it shared the contemporary absorption in these matters.

In Mr. Grainger's survey, *Character and Style in English Politics*, he rightly draws attention to the importance of character in English politics, and tells us that English people still expect their leaders to be "honest, responsible, accessible and disposed to co-operate with history rather than to set their stamp varied by title-tattle about bedroom and cellar. The author defines what he means by character as "self-value revealed in action". Mr. Sproat's book, *The Best Men*, catches something of this self-value, for he brings us face to face with the best men—purists, idealists, liberals we might call them—who were in public life (though aloof) when corruption was the sovereign of American government. Mugwumps, with their hair parted in the middle and pronouncing either as "lither", they were much ridiculed by their opponents and were, as Mr. Sproat says, completely ineffective. They were represented by that remarkable Irishman—Godkin, C. E. Norton, they looked back to a golden age of their own imagining when America was ruled by statesmen and not by businessmen; by the men of English politics, Norton went so far as to say that the misfortune which the 1872 election was attributable to "the absence of gentlemen from politics". Of the Presidential campaign when Cleveland was elected, he has an appeal been made to the low and vicious and purulent to bring their capricious minds and foul tongues to the decision of the great political controversy. Is there not a point—possibly concealed under the violence of language—which bears out what was said at the beginning of this notice? The important thing about President Cleve-

land was his reform of the tariff not his concubine.

Mr. Grainger picks up the main theme of Mr. Sproat, namely the place of the "best men" in public life. His point is that an Englishman expects his political leaders to show character, and if that is wanting he will accept (though a shade reluctantly) style as a substitute. Character in his pages is illustrated by Cromwell and Baldwin; style by Churchill. At times he is possibly unduly severe on Churchill, and he attributes Eden's misfortunes to an inheritance from Churchill "a kind of recalcitrance to the way the world was going". Mr. Grainger, though a university teacher, will have nothing to do with the fashionable doctrine that English politics were largely based on "deference", which, as he points out, is uncritically used by political scientists to imply social deference, something which never has been a perennial element in English political life. Mr. Grainger, with Baldwin, has feelings of the deepest respect for Lord Althorp, who was leader of the House of Commons during the Reform Bill debates; Baldwin used to enjoy quoting a remark of Althorp's in the Commons: "I know this to be right, I cannot remember why, but you may take it from me that it is so." Now it might be argued that this species of authority rested on deference, but Charles Greyville, who was not an unqualified admirer of Althorp, said that his position rested on "merit, character, unimpaired by the arts which captivate or subjugate mankind". And in addition Althorp had the capacity to disarm his antagonists of all bitterness. Was not that also the foundation of Baldwin's position in the 1920s and was not the opposite (the trick of strengthening the bitterness of those opposed to him) the fatal weakness of Lloyd George?

Could we argue that the strength of personal journalism has made the more difficult? We might answer that question by saying that the popular press has made the destruction of political character a possibility. To go back to the start of the century—"Balfour Must Go," "Wait and Home"; all had an explosive effect on the targets at which they were aimed. The victim of the last phrase—Lord Haldane—is the subject of Mr. Koss's emphatic book, *Lord Haldane, Scapgoat for Liberalism*, which reminds us of his career, and how great was the fall of it; he attributes that fall to the desperation of Liberalism. The campaign against Haldane in the First World War is really too horrible to recall, though Mr. Koss has done well to remind us of the names of the assassins—Northcliffe, Maxse, Charles Whibley and Arnold White. *The Hidden Hand* and *Is the Kaiser Insane?* The Liberal press should have come to the rescue of Haldane.

but their weakness in saying of Lady Hamilton the Liberal Press was that someone read it.

To us coming late to the story, Melvyn Bragg is a good interest of the story, but his narrative is clogged by heavy phrasing, especially when inspired. Mr. Koss is to report the self-communion exonerate the Commons characters. When he tells what he said, what they did, how they felt, their environment appear to be published in the first place, he is consistently successful. The war was on a coal-miners' trade union informed and writing in, about 1913, excellently died he denounced the "insurgency of the miner, Seth, trying to push his 'association of the workers' closed-shop" principle, even if impossible for Ag. Haldane in office the Coalition was formed makes much of Asquith write a letter of comm. Haldane. But how co-written? The convention of Downing Street appropriate between the two had privately expressed Haldane's downfall he truly have been thought his Conservative allies.

Mr. Koss rightly end letters, he has seen the Minister at the time of the House which the time as responsible for the led to the First Coalition and Lloyd George's villains of the piece in the House of Commons. Mr. Koss is not a man of letters, but he knows her background to the perils of the Mediterranean in the mid-nineteenth century. She is also deterred by the cause of entertainment. The result emerges as a very blend of high romance and high camp. Her hero, the young Francis Crawford, was suffering, rides this world as such as James Bond does that he inherited from the sea of the Caribbean; he moves in the world of intrigue, hidden menace and sudden death coming easily which he enjoyed. Mr. Koss is not a man of letters, but he knows her background to the perils of the Mediterranean in the mid-nineteenth century. She is also deterred by the cause of entertainment. The result emerges as a very blend of high romance and high camp. 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A fascinating feature of the book is the number of maps, chronological tables, and pedigrees that it contains. Of Alexander the Great, the Ptolemies, the Caesars, the Carolingians, William the Conqueror, the Habsburgs, and Lenin among others, showing the breeding pattern and the changes in it. It is remarkable

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The mighty face of Bruckner

ROBERT SIMPSON: *The Essence of
Bruckner*. 206pp. Gollancz. 38s.

As Robert Simpson points out in
The Essence of Bruckner, an admir-
able study of the composer's nine
symphonies, the legend of Bruckner
as "an inspired yokel" has been a
long time dying. Dr. Simpson invites
us to look at Bruckner's scores "with
our ears", and it would be a bold
student who, after assimilating any
one of this book's analytical chap-
ters, found Bruckner wanting in the
subtleties, both grand and dimi-
nutive, that are the hallmark of great
art. He may have had his peculiarities
and his failures but, as Dr. Simpson
observes, his "life's achievement" is
still with us. "The cracks in the stone
are honourable scars on its mighty
face."

In tracing the lines that make up
the Brucknerian physiognomy, Dr.
Simpson offers copious music
examples and a meticulous, blow-by-
blow account of each movement of
each symphony, of which the follow-
ing is a fair sample (Dr. Simpson is
expounding the first movement of the
Second Symphony):

The music goes through A flat minor
into C flat major, which turns to the
minor (B minor), to D major (becoming
dominant of G), and fortissimo to a
massive Neapolitan chord of F, on the
edge of A minor, with the renewed
rhythm of Ex. 1d). With a sudden
pianissimo (letter K) we are in A minor.
The ostinato is in the bass and Ex. 1
is trying to form in the woodwind. There
is a crescendo, but it subsides and the
basses are left with a *pianissimo*, in the
rhythm of the *quintetto*, on the note B.
This becomes a major third as Ex. 3 tries
to enter in G major; it stops after four
bars, again leaving the basses with their
B, which now rises a semitone. The C

behaves like a major third, and Ex. 3
starts again in A flat. Its rocking accom-
paniment climbs lazily, and the time has
another easy-going try, now in D flat.
Three attempts—C major, A flat, and
D flat—and the first one in G makes
sure that the A flat and D flat are Nea-
politan inflexions of dominant and tonic.
So the music drifts quietly on to the
lume dominant, and the incursion of
Ex. 3 guarantees the freshness of Ex. 1,
which initiates the recapitulation
after a silent pause.

This is Dr. Simpson at his most
characteristic, and he maintains the
minute analysis and sober tone—only
he, one feels, could commend the
Fourth Symphony as "an eminently
salubrious work", as if it were a
health-giving Edwardian Spa—for
little less than 200 pages. His rela-
tions are few, and when he drifts,
as it were, into analogical poetry, the
images are suitably lofty. This pas-
sage, for instance, on the finale of
the Fourth:

Bellurita and Betelgeuse gleam low in
the East as a mysterious configuration
climbs clear of the horizon. . . . More
stars peep from the dusky sky. Exe-
lent grows Orion's belt and sword
(the rhythm of the Scherzo) dimly
appear. . . . At last Orion himself stands
splendid, complete. . . . E flat is estab-
lished, although D minor storm
clouds pass across the constellation.
Bright stars reappear. A feature of the
cloud is this shape. . . .

And so on. The attentive reader will
welcome these brief interludes, if only
to give his exhausted ears a rest, and
in manner they are certainly prefer-
able to Dr. Simpson's eruptions of
cumbrous humour, a derivation
from Lovey, whose influence—
the most part fruitfully—
is pervasive. There is something a shade
yokel-like about this, for instance:

"From the C major at bar 125,
Bruckner toddles to two more alter-
cations of the nursery rhyme, sitting
down in A flat (bar 129) and in E
(bar 131). Or this: 'In *fortissimo* the
effect is as if [Bruckner's] Barber
had been punched on the nose by a
disaffected customer.' But these
lapses are rare and minor, only very
small cracks in Dr. Simpson's sub-
stantial achievement.

Dr. Simpson, of course, is himself
an established composer, and, as he
declares on the first page of his pre-
face, "This book attempts to con-
sider Bruckner through the ears of a
composer." It is undoubtedly his in-
sight as a creative musician which
lends *The Essence of Bruckner* its
strength, both in detail and in the
more general statements which are
unfolded in his introductory and con-
cluding chapters. Indeed, the quality
of his broader commentary—"Wag-
ner's influence did not greatly affect
. . . the colouring of his music, but
Bruckner felt at once the enormous
and unprecedented slowness of Wag-
ner's processes"—makes one regret
that he does not step more often out
of his strictly analytical under-
taking.

At its best—that is to say, most
of the time—Dr. Simpson's book
functions as a noble craft, a "trans-
lation" into words of Bruckner's
working methods. Our hypothetical
student could not but be wiser,
because better informed, after
absorbing Dr. Simpson's acute
examination of the symphonies. And
yet a puzzle remains—a puzzle cen-
tral, perhaps, to all writing about
music and one which was raised in
these columns two weeks ago.
Briefly, although Dr. Simpson's im-
compromising musical descriptions

A contemporary of the future

KURT BLAUOKOFF: *Gustav Mahler*.
338pp. Vienna Molden. 168 sch.

There are now almost no obstacles
preventing familiarity with Mahler's
symphonies, but there is precious
little material available at any rate
in England, where his fame burns
brightest—about the man. Dr.
Blauokoff fills the gap very hand-
somely, though his treatment is
apparently conditioned by the limi-
tations of the series "Glanz und
Elend der Meister", of which his
book is a part. Despite these limi-
tations, Dr. Blauokoff gives us a vivid
picture of the musician, and enriches
our interest with fresh details about
his life and work.

Though the questions raised by
Mahler's music are not properly
sorted out, we are directed to cer-
tain aspects of his technique and
style which may assist a better under-
standing of it. Thus while the *Lied*
and even folk-like influences are
immediately apparent in his music,
it was left to Dr. Blauokoff to point
out that:

in his first, possibly imperfect, in-
ception, the pattern of his entire subse-
quent work is already evident, viz. the birth
of symphonic musical argument out
of the *Lied*, the crystal-clear articulation
of orchestral counterpoint.

From which it is but a step to con-
sider that "the themes represent mus-
ical physiognomies of figures appear-
ing in an 'instrumental' novel".
An attribute of Mahler's work
which indeed would make him, in the
words of Dr. Blauokoff's sub-
title, a *Zeitgenosse der Zukunft*—
a contemporary of the future.

space considered as a new
musical dimension, Dr. Blauokoff
considers this as the forerunner of
that stereophonic techniques repre-
sent in today's music—and this means
a great deal, when one recalls the
music of Stockhausen or Hen-
stock-Rammil. He also discusses
"space acoustics" (*Raumakustik*), a
particularly important element, the
neglect of which has been responsible
for many disastrous performances.
This includes the size of the hall, but
there are also more subtle architec-
tural characteristics involved. Dr.

Blauokoff, a discologist of inter-
national repute, has many valuable
observations to make on these and
other aspects of Mahler's music.
He goes so far as to maintain that it was only the advent
of LP recording that made a real
knowledge of Mahler's musical mind
possible. The idiomatic realization of
Mahler's music is redeemed by the gram-
ophone record," he says.

About the life, the book is abun-
dantly informative and yet sufficiently
discreet. Two main points emerge:
first, the psychological constellation
of Mahler's *persona* which illuminates
his entire life; second, the obvious
importance of the milieu within
which, or against which, his life and
art unfolded themselves.

As to the first, Dr. Blauokoff re-
gards Mahler's early life as par-
ticularly significant of the mature man; so we
are told that basically his charac-
teristics were a mixture of two antithetic
temperaments. In short, there was
burned with the sufferings of the
whole world, the lone wanderer, in
search of peace and redemption
through love—this is all too clearly
expressed in his symphonic struc-
tures; and there was the highly real-
purposeful and determined facili-
tation—this side is disclosed in the
cautious circumspection which
guided his steps in acquiring his
positions (even his acceptance as a
student at the Konservatorium); his
careful preparation of his moves by
diligent preparation, letters of intro-
duction, and other similar acce-

Then there is the milieu, the back-
ground against which Mahler the
composer and artist is placed. Dr. Blau-
okoff, who is well known among the
scholars of musical psychology, was
brought up in the closing days
of Habsburg Vienna, and whose
home long remained the—admittedly
considerably transformed—Austrian
capital. He speaks with authority
about conditions in Vienna at the
turn of the century and after. In-
deed, a few well-turned phrases he is able

to provide an illuminating picture of
its intellectual inhabitants, its charac-
teristic social ethos, its collective
Bohemia; and, above all these, the
historic situation and the aristocratic
diplomacy which left its imprint on
public and private life in Mahler's
time.

Artistic and literary conditions are
no less illuminatingly treated. Dr.
Blauokoff considers Mahler's art as
the musical equivalent to the Sezes-
sion, the typically Viennese variant
of Art Nouveau, the association of
such artists as Gustav Klimt, Karl
Mosler, Emil Orlik, the architect Otto
Wagner, Arthur Schindler, and
even Sigmund Freud. The idea
is attractive enough. It is certainly
worth investigating more thoroughly.
It might explain, in a roundabout
way, the origin of Mahler's recent
popularity, but for the inconvenient
fact that in England Mahler's know-
ledge of the art of Klimt and Schiele
came a good many years later. It
would anyway be difficult to explain
acceptance of Sezesion in terms of
Mahler-adulation.

Dr. Blauokoff has happily managed
to include a section devoted to the
cult of Mahler with a regional survey
of Mahler-literature, in which he un-
derstands much valuable material. He
also comments on the complete edi-
tion of Mahler's works now in pro-
gress, and devotes a few remarks on
the recent—and surprisingly success-
ful—resurrection by Mr. Deryck
Cook of the Tenth Symphony.

Here, however, he prudently refrains
from registering his opinions, but
reproduces the views (hostile) of the
editor of the complete edition.
Finally he gives an outline of
his work in writing his book; this
is, unexpectedly, highly interesting,
for in acknowledging cooperation
received from various quarters, he
alludes to several sources, largely un-
prospected so far, but which seem
to constitute a rich mine for future
research. With these last sections Dr.
Blauokoff in fact contravenes the
"house-rule" of the series; for appar-
ently no bibliography or similar
"learned" appendix was allowed,
except a short listing of the subject's
works and an index, neither of which
is entirely satisfactory.

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Types of realism

DRON O. TAYLOR: *The Passages
of Thought*. 172pp. Oxford Univer-
sity Press. 52s.

Between 1870 and 1900, the American
novel became immersed in realism—
rather, in the realisms. Realism is
old cry in fiction, and this par-
ticular stylistic phase of it was an
essential to many different things.
There is a radical difference be-
tween the term as used by Howells
and James, and then later by Frank
Hammill Garland, or Stephen
Dreiser. It is, virtually, the difference
between two of Northrop Frye's
types of fiction as he distinguishes
them in *Anatomy of Criticism*:
the "low mimetic", which
deals with heroes roughly equivalent
to ourselves, and the "high mimetic",
which looks "downward"
towards worse off than ourselves.
The irony increasingly pene-
trates into the work of Howells and
James. In particular, seems to us now
to carry the brunt of the fictional
irony into that most ironic of ten-
dencies that we call "modernism".
What lies behind the change is of
course the rapidly changing society and
changing view of man's place in it.
Normally gloss this phase of
fiction, particularly naturalistic rea-

lism of the Crane, Norris, Dreiser
kind, as a mode of social rendering
in fiction. In *The Responsibilities of
the Novelist* (1903), Frank Norris
argued that the novel must express
contemporary life and have a purpose
—the best novel "proves something,
draws conclusions from a whole
congeries of forces, social tendencies,
rice impulses, devotes itself not to a
study of men but of man". We
associate it with a material view of
reality and a reduction of the creative
and psychological dimensions of
experience, putting its weight on
operative processes and systems. Mr.
Taylor's book is a shift of emphasis,
by stressing that this involved new
techniques of psychological rendering
in realistic fiction:

The change in the working of "con-
sciousness" and moral and instinc-
tional reactions that he follows out
through the work of Howells, James,
Crane, Norris and Dreiser is, in fact,
much closer to the kind of deep-
seated technical change that we all
recognize as occurring in this period
in fiction than is the change in social
material, which has been so much

stressed. It is much closer because it
touches more nearly on the paradox
of the realist novel, which is that it
gradually leads towards a novel in
which the ideal of an external social
reality begins to fade, leads towards
stream of consciousness and the
"new" novel.

The classic instance here is, of
course, Henry James. It is widely
recognized that, in his early fiction,
James deals in relatively fixed and
static mental states, but that by *The
Ambassadors* he is emphasizing
something very different. Strether is
surrounded by an impressionistic
world, a world of shifting concrete
surfaces which "fitfully glared",
and among which he has to reckon
his depths by sounding what Mr.
Taylor calls "the irregular 'flutings'
and 'excesses' of the hedrock of
experience over rather than 'com-
puting' it by normal and intellectual
formulas". The mind has become a
liquid medium—as in that "repre-
sentation simply of [Isabel Archer's]
momentaneous being" to which James
specially draws our attention (be-
cause it is an important aspect of his
technique) in his preface to *The Por-
trait of a Lady*. Gradually, then, the
flow of consciousness becomes, as
James's work develops, the flow of
the narrative, providing the themes

and cruxes of the novel. Mr. Taylor
tends to present his development
rather as a notional one—as, so to
speak, an assimilation into Henry's
fiction of his brother William's
famous theories of consciousness as a
river or a stream—rather than as an
aesthetic development, an evolution
of technical strategy. In fact, of
course, it is an evolving part of both
logics, as criticism must recognize.
Indeed, the one obvious limitation
of this book is that, though it
suggests, it scarcely elaborates, the
qualitative consequences, the formal
and the experimental results for the
density of the work of art, of such
shifts.

Indeed, for such qualitative rea-
sons, Henry James over-arches this
book. But Mr. Taylor has some of his
most illuminating things to show
about the other writers with whom
he deals. Of Howells, for instance, he
notes that, in his pursuit of the
American commonplace as a smiling
moral presence, he seeks to retain
consciousness as a moral or respon-
sible state. Yet at the same time he
perpetually suggests another world,
is aware of a "dual life" of con-
sciousness, an undercurrent of forces
about which he obviously finds it
hard to write. But in *A Hazard of
New Fortunes*—which is, in part,
about a profound change of attitude
in Howells himself which occurred
in the late 1880s—he faces the theme
more fully, and it inheres in the book
as a "riddle". "Then what is it that
changes us?" Howells stops short of
a deterministic answer; but in *The
Red Badge of Courage* Stephen Crane
elaborates one. This is a novel about
a psychological change which is also
a perceptual change involving an
act of immersion, an act which is in
effect a psychological experiment.
Henry Fleming, in it, assimilates new
"laws of life" and he moves, in
effect, from formal thought and free-
ranging imagination to a kind of
passive and photographic impres-
sionism: "His accumulated thought
... was used to form scenes. The
noise was as the voice of an eloquent
being, describing." Only after he has
experienced does he seek to "marsh-
al all his acts" and "criticise them with
some correctness"—the "correct-
ness" coming from the fact that his
immersion in experience has made
him more pragmatic and less ideal-
istic. Crane, as Mr. Taylor suggests,
seems uneasy in this resolution, as if
in allowing Henry Fleming to revert

to a moral assessment he has gone
back on his book.

Mr. Taylor therefore turns to
Norris and Dreiser to pursue a more
elaborate and deliberated fictional
relation between the moral and the
psychological worlds. In both writers,
as he says, there is a true interior
world in which the psychological
economy of want, the instincts of
need and survival, struggle with the
rational moral world. But the prob-
lem here is that, though both
writers reach deeply into the dolor-
mining and instinctual forces in men
—or, as Norris would say, in "man"
—and though both are indeed con-
cerned with the interior mechanics
of conflict and choice, the implicit
metaphor for the mind, particularly
in Dreiser, is not, as in James, a men-
tal river but a machine. Mr. Taylor
seems to suggest that, give or take the
metaphor, Dreiser acquires a notion
of the drama of the mind as large
as James's. Dreiser's view of con-
sciousness is not, in fact, a satisfac-
tory equivalent for James's; it is
rather a naturalistic impasse, certainly
not a strategic or formal advance on
Crane's ambiguous, impressionistic
uncertainties. Equally, if we look at
Dreiser's work in its own terms, rather
than as part of the notional accretion
of the novel, it still looks and seems
rawly performed, for all its psychic
as well as its social vividness.

Still, by shifting weight in the direc-
tion of psychic rendering in a group
of writers whom we do not usually
put in the tradition of novelists of
consciousness, Mr. Taylor performs
a very valuable service. Of James
there have been fuller and indeed
better explorations; we might men-
tion the work of Dorothy Krook.
But in moving as he does from James
to writers usually seen as novelists of
social forces, Mr. Taylor undoubtedly
extends discussion of American
realist-naturalism in a very profitable
direction. He reminds us, first of all,
that it is inexact and inept to divide
the modern novel between the experi-
mentalist who concentrated on
psychological or immaterial reality
and the realist who were held back
by the bondage of the *Lied*—the
division that Virginia Woolf once
proposed. He also reminds us that
the realist novel was in fact not
simply literalist, but was engaged in
a continuous struggle with the very
idea of a constituted and clear-cut
reality.

The poet as a mere man

AN BROWNJOHN: *Sandgrains on a
Tray*. 56pp. Macmillan. 30s. (Paper-
back, 10s.)

A title of Mr. Brownjohn's new
book is a quote from one of his own
poems, "Seven Activities for a
Young Child":

read white sandgrains on a tray,
and make clean furrows with a bent
stick

together with the Movement or
Movement poets, in the poems
dressed to children it's the same
thing: keep it simple, grab for
works of moral philosophy and try not to get caught
up in the original text.

Meanwhile the poets, a defeated
poet, where poetry will be de-
fied by the sheer diffidence and
noticeability of its diplomatic
and become a Switzerland for
arts. Mr. Brownjohn plays his
trump about as far down as you can
without joining the fauna of
land. The speech rhythms, de-
finitely sparing with metaphor,
little away except a central
word seriousness, as though the
worth speaking of were too
difficult to talk about in any
except haltingly. It's a lan-
guage that takes no delight in itself.
You must read and re-read
its low faint tone reaches you.
The wrong man, and in
way exactly the right one, to
a homage to Louis MacNeice:
are two of them in the book,
called "songs", although
it is settable and the second,
in respects to MacNeice's
vision with which that poet flung
observations past the scanner of
the two honours are
to a time and a mood that
Mr. Brownjohn nor any of
movement and post-movement
poets will ever now be going
to.

And we have a poetry of the
kind which makes Philip Lar-
kin look like Acapulco:
instead of effortless,
towards instead of genially
easy, the verse quietly but
proclaims its central ten-
sion: is to contemplate the
everyday and draw from
our lessons about the folly of
the poet is a mere man at
the trouble is he tends to over-
his mere, until it too
a stance, self-absorbed if
Mr. Brownjohn's big
and ultimately bad
poem "Winter Appoint-

ment" is a case in point. The
poem depends on a nice metaphys-
ical equation between the pangs of
the dentist's drill and the pleasures
of love. Well, it's true that no man
of imagination likes the dentist but as
pain goes in this life, and especially
in our time, it's scarcely an idea to
stop the reader's breath. And if the
equation holds, then its other term
can't be any great shakes either. You
can't imagine Roy Campbell thinking
much of the pain, or Graves much
of the pleasure. Leave those two
heroes out of account if you like, but
still it's possible to say that the sheer
thinness of the notion would need
some humour to get by it.

In fact the deadpan language has a
good deal of huff and puff in it.
Signs of a drifting central proposi-
tion
Pain accurately descends his cold
angled crane

Of quivering wires:
Blink hysteria of the burr changing its
note.

It should be obvious that in lines like
this a tone of voice that was never
any good is finally going out of date.
It's the tone of voice which depends
on overblown understatement, and
in this pernickety vocabulary it
finally betrays itself.

One chooses "Winter Appoint-
ment" for approval because it illus-
trates to perfection the fact that
diffidence of subject is no guarantee
of genuineness. Take the poem
about a road, "A 202", which is as
meticulously documented as Larkin's
dockside Hull.

Journeymen between wired-off bombed
lots glossy
With parked consuls, making
diversions
Round bus depots and dragged estates
In circumlocutory One-Ways.
Netting aquaria in crammed pet store
windows.

Skirting multi-racial bingo queues,
The road goes on like that for eleven
stanzas and three lines of a twelfth,
and no prizes are awarded for spot-
ting the Larkin poems which gave it
the courage to be both and supplied
it with its plenitude of super-cool
syntactical devices. The last line goes
like this:
How much of love is much less
compromised?

The music hath a dying plonk. But
the point here is that this is a
received style of poetic construction,
which is a friendly way of saying
that the whole poem is a bromide.
In the Movement first and through
the Tight Lipped school, how these
forms of thought have been addres-
sing up, confining, even in a really
beautiful poem like "The Clouds"

the social assumptions fall as put as
in Seamus Heaney's "The Forge":
they're the same ones.

No sort of ancient expertise
Goes to create these modern things:
To them, no craftsman's hand is pride
Or love for their completeness brings.
But it's just possible that here the
language is sending itself up slightly.
Behind Jim Dixon be listening from
the arched arched.

One could go lengthily into detail
about "Somehow", which is a fine
poem of real complexity, entirely
free of received thought-forms and
very aware of the tones of voice it
adopts to parody, but at this moment
in Mr. Brownjohn's career it's more
useful to point out failures. Predomi-
nantly, it's a persistent self-parody
that stirs up trouble, or more proba-
bly a parody of a style now so
thoroughly entrenched as to be easy.

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Life studies

Barely five years ago we heard how there was a sense, even in Cambridge.

of a "Crisis in the Humanities". The crisis, it was said, had to do with science and technology, to which the humanities had either to adapt or "retreat into social triviality". People still hopelessly supposed that what was needed was some sort of solution to the Snow-Leavis controversy; now, in retrospect, it appears that we were hearing only the last echo of a much older discussion which had already exhausted most of what could be sensibly said on the subject.

Since then it has become all but inaudible in the noise and disturbance of a different crisis, which is being called the Student Revolution—a term which is appropriately more alarming, though also misleading, in its associations with other kinds of revolution. Whatever it is that is happening in the universities of the world, and it may be a mistake even to think about it "globally", this new crisis bears heavily on the humanities and their future. Even in 1964, a little consultation with American colleagues could have shown those Cambridge dons who were suffering from a Cavendish inferiority complex that their real troubles were about to come from another quarter. Will our ancient institutions turn out to have the power, once again, to reduce the tensions of revolutionary dispute to their own more moderate terms, and avoid the disfigurement of excess, even at the risk of appearing a trifle provincial?

Certainly, the meetings held in St. Catherine's College in 1968, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Modern Humanities Research Association, seem to have had little in common, except the title on the cover of their now published proceedings, *The Future of the Modern Humanities* edited by J. C. Laidlaw, Vol. I, 137pp. Modern Humanities Research Association, £2 5s. net.

the proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (published in the summer, 1969, number of their review *Daedalus*) on the problem of "The Future of the Humanities". Two distinguished Americans spoke in Cambridge. Professor Harry Levin and the late William Riley Parker, and they cautiously pronounced, with regard to the humanities in general and to literature in particular, such opinions as, for instance, "that the effect on the student becomes the object of the study, while investigative curiosity gives way to pedagogical responsibility"; or again, "that there will be a great increase in the number of us who already think it more important to teach attitudes than it is to teach knowledge and skills".

One would scarcely guess from their urbane tone, admirably suited to an English academic occasion, what fierce contention surrounds these questions in the United States. An American reader, interested in the subject about which the English volume on the future of the humanities sounds as if it might enlighten him, could well claim that his two countrymen were the only contributors to do so. The eminent English scholars present took the matter more or less for granted. They may have concurred with the assessment given in these pages of the original "crisis"; that there was no need to worry; the humanities interpret man's work *sap specie determinat*. Too much concern with relevance, in some curious scientific, or still more up-to-date sense, could easily have "totalitarian" tendencies so they twice said—and take away the famous freedom which the humanities have traditionally enjoyed.

Is the reality of that freedom, and of the eternal virtues which supposedly only detachment from the world can teach, more readily apparent in some small and cloistered college than on a vast transatlantic campus? A sociologist is likely to say that it is, pointing to the longer history in America of accounts having to be rendered, and justifications given, of the whole humanistic enterprise. Formerly, it was generally the trustees who wanted to know what was being aimed at and achieved; now the students want to know too—though their yardstick is not that of competitive production or scientific discovery. In fact their yardstick has some perennial values marked upon it, few of them entirely inimical to the arts, and freedom being perhaps chief among them.

The quarrel continues, and is reflected in *Daedalus*, between those

who believe that what the young are demanding so militantly is something essentially good and desirable, which the humanities can help them to find; and those who believe that student demands, and especially their actions, are anarchical and potentially destructive of our inherited culture. One thing at least is clear: that the system of education based on literature and related subjects has grown to enormous size; and that it is coming under critical pressure in America and elsewhere. It is no help burrowing about in the past and arguing that there has always been student criticism, or that learning to make criticisms is one of the things which universities are supposed to teach. There is a point where sheer quantity does constitute a change in quality. If the change which student action is now forcing is not led towards good ends, by those who profess humane studies, others will lead it farther, in the ways of destruction.

It is certainly easier to say what the students do not want than what they do. They do not want, for instance—but have to acquire—a Ph.D. in a subject which they perhaps set out by loving, only to find that they must become mere technicians in a multi-million book business. That there is a rapidly escalating problem here was already recognized by perceptive men several years before the present spate of conferences. "Ten years ago, when Professor David Daiches reviewed American contributions to research and teaching in English literature, in a book commissioned by the Ford Foundation as part of a series of inquiries into "Humanistic Scholarship in America", he did not confine himself to an old-style survey of progress and achievement. He concluded by expressing some pessimistic concern about whether the techniques of American literary education might not end by strangling the subject altogether. Ironically, the general editor of that series accused the *TLS* of being scornful of American products; the irony consists in the fact that it is once again the Ford Foundation which has financed the recent *Daedalus* discussions, at which no one appears to have been aware of what Professor Daiches had already written for them about their subject: the result probably of ignorance rather than of scorn, and at which very few of the proposals for change were as sensible.

This is not to say that some of them were not hilariously inspired. Professor Herbert Blau has to be believed to have said anything like the prophet which he sounds. He is

a man of the theatre and it is easier for him to say that we are all asking for is to distance between our class and life", and this because he is the young "have accepted earnest what our greatest implies", and that "the (which they act) contain prepared for in our research other words, what the some of them, do want a literature and philosophy to which scholars merely

Let us not be scornful that such remarks, being understanding of what knowledge and perhaps also of what literature enables us to know ourselves in what way assuming them to be true English academics are only to answer that if it's living let them go away and live else. Some sections of the vative press in this country already supporting this of "support" is the right describe an alliance which political weight, could be the universities, at least in the right when he said: "We are verge of an unprecedented demand that we show the stance of our work." This cannot be shrugged off light.

What Professor Blau Professor Leavis have written *Academic Revolution* is to reading for anyone concerned teaching, including teachers, and not just for sociology relevance is a concept that not to this or that subject matter, but to a more state of mind, to a new human rather than to a new curriculum of the most acute doubt American universities whether their graduate schools the most progressive institutions the world, are capable of a human being adequate to situation. But of the need to doubt.

JOÃO GUIMARÃES ROSA: *The Third Bank of the River and other stories*. Translated with an Introduction by Barbara Shelby. 238pp. New York: Knopf. \$5.95.

AT THE BEGINNING of João Guimarães Rosa's novel, *Grande Sertão: Veredas*, translated into English as *The Devil and the Deep* (the outlaws, João declares:

the sertão describes itself; it is where is Professor Blau is no more can keep going ten, fifteen leagues about coming upon a single house, are a criminal can safely hide out, and the reach of the authorities. The sertão is everywhere.

Backlands "is only an approximate English translation for "sertão", a region of rocky, cactus-covered country in north-east Brazil, an area subject to wild fluctuations of weather and climate, to extreme drought and floods, and edged by the *campos gerais* (the common lands), an area of cattle ranches across which stride scattered palm trees. A prairie after the sertão turns rapidly into hot, arid desert during the dry season. But besides being a natural phenomenon, the area has close associations with Brazilian literature: the landscape was first described by José de Alencar in his classic, *O Rebeldia* (Rebellion in the Backlands); is the protagonist of dozens of novels of the north-east and, more recently, the setting for the novel and short stories of João Guimarães Rosa, who died in 1967, one of Brazil's outstanding contemporary writers. He was born in Cordisburgo, a small town in the cattle country of Minas Gerais province. For many years he was a soldier, first in a country practice, then in the army during the revolutionary war of 1932. Then, from 1934 to 1951, he served as a member of the diplomatic corps, living in many (where he was interned for time during the war), Colombia and France. Like Hemingway, he had to have felt the need for periodic immersions in the wilderness, and after his return to Brazil in 1951 almost immediately set out on an expedition to the Mato Grosso. The purpose of the journeys was perhaps to much the newspaper articles that he afterwards published as the *Diário da Manhã* (Morning Post) in crossing the sertão on horseback, riding round the campfire with a gun, living, as it were, the myth of Brazil's Far West.

Though Guimarães Rosa's stories and novels are of the sertão, he is a regionalist writer, and more Cervantes was a regionalist of La Mancha or Wordsworth a regionalist poet. Rather like the created a legendary country, which geographical places and marks are stages in a pilgrim's

progress or sites on an existential diagram. In his major work, his novel, *Grande Sertão: Veredas*, the sertão is analogous to the unknown "other" which the individual comes to terms with on his journey through life.

Ancient sertão of the ages. One sierra calls for another and it is from these heights that you can discern how the sertão comes and goes. It is no use turning your back on it. Its border lies near and in far-distant places. You can hear its sound. The sertão belongs to the sun and to the birds—buzards, hawks—which fly continuously over its immense expanse. A journey through it is dangerous, as is the journey through life.

Grande Sertão is structured round the journey/life analogy which is as old as literature, certainly as old as Latin American literature with its roots in quest and discovery. The novel harks back to the origins of the analogy in myth and epic. At the same time the primitive and archetypal elements thrust contemporary preoccupations about the nature of the self more forcibly to the surface. This juxtaposition of ancient and modern is disconcerting to the European reader but appropriate to Brazil where the *cantares* (troubadours) still compose ballads on the subject of Charlemagne and his knights in places not too distant from the futuristic towers of Brasília. The form of the novel retains the archaic



João Guimarães Rosa riding in the sertão—reproduced from Em memória de João Guimarães Rosa, published by José Olympio in Rio de Janeiro in 1968.

quality, for it is a monologue spoken by Riobaldo, the jagunço (outlaw), a monologue that has its roots in folk forms, in the *lenga-lenga*, the rambling, leisurely conversation of country people whose pleasure lies in telling rather than in finishing a story.

Anachronistic too is the plot, which is reminiscent both of medieval morality and of epic. It tells the story of Riobaldo and his friend, Diadorim, members of the bandit army of Joca Ramiro until he is treacherously killed by Hermógenes. Now Riobaldo and Diadorim seek vengeance first under the leadership of Medeiros Vaz and then with Zé Bebelô. When Medeiros Vaz dies and Zé Bebelô fails to make contact with the enemy, Riobaldo becomes chief of the bandit army, attempts to make a pact with the devil, and finally does battle with Hermógenes. Diadorim is killed in the encounter and is only then discovered to be a woman.

Such a plot could easily exist in ballad or in a novel of chivalry or in medieval epic. Certainly epic elements abound. There are catalogues of men and horses as they go into battle; there is the idealized and distant Olafina whom Riobaldo loves, the Roland/Oliver-like friendship of Diadorim and Riobaldo. Signs and portents prefigure the tragedies and accidents of life and there are the great set-pieces of battles between rival bandit armies which recall Roncevaux or the Cid's capture of Valencia. The language too has the solemnity of epic. Men's lives and deaths are raised to archetypal significance. Thus the exact place of Joca Ramiro's assassination is recorded, as if he were a Hector.

At a place on the Jorara, on lands belonging to Xenxerê, on the banks of the Jorara—there where the Jorara creek runs down the Vão doop and enters the Riachão—Riobaldo da Lapa, that is, they say it happened suddenly, unexpectedly, it was out-and-out treachery. Many of the ones who remained loyal died, João Friso, Bichinho, Leôncio Fino, Luís Pajão, Câmbo, Leite-de-Sapão, Zé Inocência, some fifteen altogether.

The style, indeed, is often deliberately portentous: "Out into the wilderness we rode." "It was thus we began our many hard marches and indecisive battles and sufferings, whose melancholy tale I have told you"; and at other times there is the conscientiousness of epic and ballad: "A matter is not someone who always teaches but someone who learns wifely."

Nothing, in the character's psychology, conflicts with this anachronism of style and language. Riobaldo's moral decisions, his self-lacerations, and hopes are acted out in

incidents in the larger struggle between the forces of good and the forces of evil, between God and the devil as conceived in popular lore. Thus as he rides to make tryst with the devil in order to secure victory over Hermógenes, he imagines the appearance of the evil one in a thoroughly traditional way:

Suddenly with a loud clap, or in a moment of dead silence, he could appear before me. Looking like the Black Goat? The Big But? The Xu? And from somewhere so far and yet so close to me, out of the depths of hell—he must be watching me, a dog picking up my scent.

If the novel were simply medieval pastiche it would be of no interest, but of course it is very much more. Riobaldo's vacillations between good and evil may be translated into modern terminology. His struggle is the struggle for his identity, the different nicknames he adopts in the course of the novel representing different roles. And his adventures are stages in his growing self-awareness. Thus, for instance, he first faces his own nature on a dangerous river crossing after his first meeting with Riobaldo, the boy with the green eyes whom he later comes to know as Diadorim:

I was afraid. You know? That was what it was; I was afraid. I could make out the bank of the river on the other side. Far, far off, how long would it take to get there? Fear and shame. The brutal, treacherous water—the river is full of menace, deceitful ways and whispers of isolation.

On the other side of the river, on the other shore lies "the promised land" which, in fact, turns out to be a place neither of rest nor of attainment. It is the journey that has been the significant psychological experience, the moment of self-awareness and transformation. But it is also a process in which there is no permanent goal, only the perpetual struggle. "The imperfect is our Paradise", in the words of Wallace Stevens.

To the Brazilian public, *Grande Sertão: Veredas* was remarkable above all because it signalled a linguistic revolution. The language was compounded from archaic Portuguese, from dialects and neologisms. New verbs were invented from nouns (the moon "moons" for instance). Indeed, a large part of the pleasure of the novel is derived from the virtuosity of the style which is as individual and as inimitable as *Ulysses*. Unfortunately this aspect of Guimarães Rosa's work is the least accessible to the foreign reader. The English translation represents a valiant effort to solve the difficulties, but different styles jostle one another without fusing and without the unity of the original. Colloquialism and bits of slang stand out awkwardly. Even the title of the English translation, *The Devil and the Deep*, lays stress on folksy aspects and conveys nothing of the mystery and poetry of the Portuguese title.

Fortunately, there is an alternative way: that is, to approach Guimarães Rosa's work through the collections of stories. There are three collections: *Sagaramu* (1946), *Corpo de Balde* (Corps de Ballet, 1956), and *Princípios Estóicos* (1962, now translated into English as *The Third Bank of the River and other Stories*), of which the last corresponds most closely to conventional conceptions of the short story genre.

In the first two collections, the stories have an epic spaciousness, and are something between novel and poetry, having the "density of specification" of the former and the lyricism and intensity of the latter. Indeed, the title, *Sagaramu*, means "in the manner of the sage," *Yana* being a Yupa suffix. And as in *Grande Sertão: Veredas*, the framework is often reminiscent of medieval genres: hagiography in a story like "Augusto Matraga's Hour" and "Turn", in which a bad man repents, becomes a saint and saves his pious village from "bandits"; exemplary fable in "The Return of the Propagandist"; and animal allegory in "The Little, Dark-Brown Donkey,"

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Commentary

Historians nervous about the status of their own methodology, or perhaps even doubtful whether they subscribe to one, can always bone up these days on one of the more daring social sciences and so equip themselves with a distinctive and respectable air on the past. To encourage their rehabilitation, a new journal is being started in America, called the *Journal of Interdisciplinary History*, to be published by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press. The first impulse for its foundation was provided three years ago by the three special issues of the *TLS* devoted to "New Ways in History".

The editors are convinced that historians have been slow in stepping outside the inherited boundaries of their discipline and taking account of the new approaches open to them. In their new *Journal* they intend to publish "articles of innovative, historical significance by historians, sociologists, economists, psychologists, etc., and do not expect to

confine ourselves to any geographical or chronological matrices". (A hint here that they have already been mixing rather too freely with the social scientists.)

The *Journal of Interdisciplinary History* will be edited by Professors Theodore K. Rabb of Princeton and Robert I. Rothberg of M.I.T. The American, but there is a nicely ecumenical panel of consultant editors, seventeen of them from American universities, one from Australia, one from Africa and three from England.

Nor is it only the new historical disciplines that are likely to be inter-disciplinary these days: one of the most characteristic of existing ones is now going systematically in the same direction. This is *Annales*, the bi-monthly founded forty years ago by Lucien Febvre and Marc Bloch, a good deal of its space to quantitative historians with economic or demographic interests. And the

prestige of *Annales* being high, this has come to outsiders to seem the dominant school of French historiography. The journal is now intended to enlist a wider range of contributors, or at least to formalize what before would have been seen as eccentric departures from its regular line.

The two most recent issues of *Annales*, those for May/June and July/August, contain articles under new headings like "Inter-Sciences" and "Outillage". The first has so far had two sociologists of irreconcilable convictions, discussing the student revolt, and a psychologist, Marc Soriano, on linguistic and political aspects of Charles Perroux (of the *Contes*). "Outillage" is reserved for methodological studies or historical research carried out with new techniques, such as the computers that have already produced a daunting contribution to "Analyse mathématique des faits sociaux", confirmed in forthcoming special numbers: "Histoire biologique et 'Urbanisation'" and "Méthodes structurales de l'histoire" in 1970.

Like the new M.I.T. journal, *Annales* is closely linked with an established publishing house

(Armand Colin in Paris) so that editors are not asked to sneer ignominiously from their scholarly perches in order to cope with money or organization. This sort of tie-up is a cinch of an historical journal, since once past a certain minimum figure editors find more and more involved mechanics of publishing. This happened in England with the *Quarterly Review* and *Present*, started by a few British historians in London and in the whiping-round, was modelled on extent on *Annales* and cost more than 4,000 copies.

Although *Present* and *Quarterly* draw the odd hostile attention from historians who think that the *Historical Review* is the only journal of historical writing, they have a considerable influence, first on the sixth forms of schools and on subjects like the history in government, the seventeenth century, and educational history. *Present* and *Quarterly* by all accounts themselves of this to one of its kind, keen to run an

Ouspensky

P. D. Ouspensky's record of his eight years of work as Gurdjieff's pupil was published by us in 1950. Now in its sixth impression *In Search of the Miraculous* is available from today in paperback, 25s (cloth 50s). The following works of Ouspensky are currently available: *The Fourth Way: A Record of Talks and Answers to Questions based on the Teaching of G. I. Gurdjieff*, 45s, *A New Model of the Universe: Principles of the Psychological Method in its Application to Problems of Science, Religion and Art*, 70s, and *Terminology Organum: The Third Canon of Thought A Key to the Enigmas of the World*, 45s.

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

JOHN CARTER

in which the donkey of the title carries his load to safety in a disastrous flood.

The nearest that Guimarães Rosa comes to a more contemporary short story form in *Sugamuna* is "Mine Own People", a Chetian piece about a doctor who visits relatives in the country, who is his cousin, Maria Ina, and finally marries another girl. But even here the main preoccupation is with self and identity, and again it is a river which offers the analogy with human experience. The rapid changes in the surface of the water in obedience to hidden forces have their implicit parallels in the lives of the human beings of the story. As the doctor observes:

All the streams here are mysterious: they suddenly disappear, in limestone fissures, travelling for leagues in their subterranean beds, and burst out far away in a geyser or a canyonised waterfall. But the most enigmatic of them all is this river which at times rises, without rain, for no apparent reason, and then suddenly dwindles in less than an hour. There is always, at one spot or another, a gurgling, a liquid sucking, water swirling within water; down below, over the stones, the stream runs, now fast, now slow, but the sound is never the same as two seconds before.

The mysterious forces, come dramatically to the surface as the doctor fishes in the pool with his friend Bento who is in love with a married woman. The jealous husband appears and strikes Bento down with a scythe, like the personification of death itself. But even this violence is quickly forgotten, absorbed into the current of memory. In "The Little Dust-Brown Donkey" the donkey weathers the turmoil of human passions and natural disasters because it can abstract itself from these and perceive the essential, the flow of the current, the strength of the river, its own possibilities.

In *Corpo de Baile*, the characters in

most of the stories have similar powers of abstraction and self-realization. Thus in "Uma História de Amor", Manuelinho holds a noisy celebration to mark the baptism of a new chapel, but he and the rest of the gathering are suddenly lifted out of the flux and passion of the event as an old storyteller begins to relate a myth of the origins of things. In the stories both of *Sugamuna* and *Corpo de Baile*, the theme thus seems to call for complexity and space.

The stories of *The Third Bank of the River* are, in contrast, more compressed, and they are more concerned with the "essences". The title story gives a clue to the nature of the experience that most of the stories glow. A man builds a canoe and his family watch him paddle away in it. From this moment onwards, he never again sets foot on shore. The man's son grows up with a feeling of separation and guilt, always aware of his father's lonely vigil on the river. Finally he offers to replace the old man, but his nerve fails him at the last moment. He stays on shore, conscious that "it is too late for salvation now". The allegory expresses man's need to submerge himself from "this shore" and seek "the other". The penalty for failure is not hell but wretchedness, the impossibility of self-fulfilment.

The most explicit statement of the theme of self-fulfilment is to be found in "The Mirror", the story of a man who tries to eliminate all non-essential traits from his countenance. "I had to penetrate the veil, see through the mask, in order to express the heart of the nebula my true countenance," he declares. By dint of concentration, he manages to block out non-essential and illusory characteristics, those that he has inherited from his parents, those which he has derived from imitation or from infectious passions. The result

is a blank, a transparency, and he is forced to ask himself if he was I had supposed to be my self was not more than animal survival, a low unlearned feature, unbridled instincts, strange passionate energy, a tangled network of influences, all fading into evanescence?

A period of suffering restores a faint reflection of self, enough to bring him to the realization that the basic question of life is "Do you exist yet?" To exist, then, is to find the real self, to abstract from the contingent and discover the authentic. Authenticity is given a most striking symbol in the story "Substance". Sioncio, owner of cassava fields, falls in love with one of his workers, Maria Exia, who grinds the cassava root to make flour. At first Sioncio is repelled by the "melancholy, sinister powder" in the "wicked glare of the sun" and though fascinated by the woman and her apparent contentment, he is haunted by her unhappy heredit and the fact that her father had been interned in a labor colony. He watches her day by day unable to admit his love.

She ministered to the fine powder—the burning-hot, singular substance, limpid dyes, sandy material—the massiveness of that matter. Sometimes it was cold when it came, soft and friable, sticking to her beautiful arms and whitening them to above her elbows. Wet or dry, it shone like the sun's self, with a reflecting radiance that was too painful for Sioncio's eyes to bear. He might as well have stared the very sun in the face.

Only when he gives in to his feelings and declares his love are his eyes able to meet the dazzling whiteness of the flour. Then "though only for an instant, he found there a power of greatness bestowed, a diluted repose that reduced to whiteness the tumult of ideas tormenting him". Guimarães Rosa seems to accept Spinoza's definition of identity as "the power or effort by which a thing

endeavour to persevere in its being". This in "The Thin Edge of Happiness", a child brought to a strange environment intuitively perceives this power in a turkey and achieves an immediate sense of joy.

Lord! When he saw the turkey in the middle of the yard, between the house and the forest! The turkey was snatched up his back on him to imperiously admit him. It had received his admiring look. It had now it pulled itself up and wheeled around; the brusque, vigorous grating of its wings on the ground was like a proclamation. It gobbled and shook its thick buttoned armor plate of ruby-red wattles, and its head glinted with flecks of rare light blue, the blue of the sky, languor blue. The creature was covered, rounded, all spheres, curved planes, with metallic green reflections on blue-black—the quintessence of turkey, beautiful, beautiful.

But such moments of perception are fleeting. The turkey is killed. The boy's sense of realization and happiness are as ephemeral as the firefly he sees on the edge of the forest.

The view of life which Guimarães Rosa presents in *The Third Bank of the River* is akin to oriental philosophy, and some of the stories are, indeed, reworkings of oriental myth in Brazilian terms. Such, for instance, is the pretentiously titled "Nothingness and the Human Condition" where Man Antônio is a hero in the style of the Rig Veda, in which it is the king who alone knows the rituals necessary to gain favour with the gods. Towards the end of his life, Man Antônio distributes his lands to his followers:

The secret password was withholding from himself toward himself within himself. He no longer questioned anything—horizon or eternally—peak or zenith. And so he lived, carrying the burden of years, erect, serene and doing a doing-nothing with all his might, in acceptance of the emptiness, the ever-repeated inconsequence of his life.

When he dies, his house mysteriously catches fire and continues for days while the mourners flattered demons who throw themselves on their faces in the ploring that they be given some or nothingness, desperate peace. The ending of the book is a beautiful evocation of belief.

And when the dead body had been snatched up his back on him to imperiously admit him. It had received his admiring look. It had now it pulled itself up and wheeled around; the brusque, vigorous grating of its wings on the ground was like a proclamation. It gobbled and shook its thick buttoned armor plate of ruby-red wattles, and its head glinted with flecks of rare light blue, the blue of the sky, languor blue. The creature was covered, rounded, all spheres, curved planes, with metallic green reflections on blue-black—the quintessence of turkey, beautiful, beautiful.

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Science, about increasing the productivity of higher education, learning and research. I believe that, because of the confusion and anomalies which have arisen out of the lack of definition in the Act and the hopelessly inadequate definitions of "fairness" by the professional bodies, a great deal of time, effort and expense is involved where there is no legal need. If the Board of Trade, in consultation with these bodies, was able to state quite clearly that appropriate quotation in such discourse must be quite free for the sake of our intellectual life, then many burdens would be lifted. Publishers themselves could then concentrate on the much more puzzling problems of mechanical reproduction, electronic dissemination, and obvious piracy.

DAVID HOLBROOK.
Ducklake, Ashwell, Baldock, Hertfordshire.

Horses to the Water

Sir—I must ask you to correct one error of fact in Cecilia Gordon's article "Horses to the Water" in the *Children's Books* section of last week's *TLS*. I am not, as Mrs. Gordon states, editor of the Macmillan series Topliners. I am, in fact, adviser to the editors. A very different relationship than the one Mrs. Gordon attributes to me.

DAVID HOLBROOK.
Ducklake, Ashwell, Baldock, Hertfordshire.

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text of much of Conrad's work is in. What is required is a readily accessible, textually sound edition, a major British figure like Joseph Conrad deserves as much editorial care as some minor American literary figures have enjoyed in recent editions of their works.

JOHN S. LEWIS.
Department of English, The University of Texas at Arlington, Arlington, Texas, U.S.A.

Coleridge

Sir, Dr. Sultana (October 2) believes that the "young lady" referred to by De Quincey in his story of the Wordsworth but Sara Hutchinson, was Keats, and that the brother who accompanied her in her "daily walks" with Coleridge was Tom Hutchinson, for whom she kept house. But Sara Hutchinson did not keep house for Tom Wordsworth until late in 1802, by which time Coleridge's domestic unhappiness had been very openly expressed in several letters. Before that, I know of no evidence to suggest that Tom (who was farming near Scarborough from 1800) stayed with Sara at Keswick at any time; even on her journeys to and from Keswick and Grasmere she seems normally to have been accompanied by Coleridge or one or more of the Wordsworths.

Even if we were to suppose some unrecorded stay by Sara and Tom at Keswick in 1800-1801 after the last period before Coleridge's last declarations of his unhappiness, we should still be faced by a series of consequent distortions in De Quincey's narrative. Keats was not a "very sequestered village" in 1800 but a market town—indeed its attraction for Mrs. Coleridge after neither Stowey lay in the fact that it was a town and not a village; (1801) is not "soon after the marriage" it is nearly six years later. Although not notably beautiful, Sara Hutchinson was not a woman of "no personal charm"; De Quincey, writing elsewhere of Dorothy Wordsworth, on the other hand, speaks of her "unusual awkwardness" and of the "glancing quickness" of her features and other circumstances in her deportment (such as her stooping attitude when walking, which gave an ungraceful, and even an unseemly character to her appearance when out-of-doors). Although Sara was a reasonably intelligent woman, moreover, it was hardly because of "intellectual sympathies, in reference to literature and natural scenery" that Coleridge cultivated her. He identified her most striking qualities in 1805 as "Sensibility. Sweetness of Temper. perfect simplicity and unpretending Nature, joined to shrewdness and enterprisingness" (*Letters*, I, 76); Dorothy, on the other hand, he characterized in 1797 as follows: "Her information various—her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature—and her taste a perfect character of her mind, not crude and drawn in, at subtle beauties & most reconcile faults" (*ibid.*, I, 330-1). De Quincey's tribute, still more enthusiastic, occupies several pages of his essay on Wordsworth. Finally, the incident is untypical of Sara: shrewdness, humour and tact were her strong qualities, and it is unlikely that, knowing the delicacy of her situation, she would have taken liberties with Sara Coleridge's belongings while visiting her house. Of Dorothy, De Quincey wrote: "Beyond any person I have known in this world, Miss Wordsworth was the creature of impulse."

De Quincey is not always the most reliable of witnesses, admittedly, but his story does not read like an invention, and it is hard to see how or why its details could have become distorted to the degree that Dr. Sultana's theory would require. And why should we go to all these lengths to suppose that they did—when everything in the story fits Dorothy Wordsworth, at neither Stowey so exactly?

JOHN BEER.
Peterhouse, Cambridge.

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JOHN BEER.
Peterhouse, Cambridge.

seemed better to introduce the projected series of Year Books with a more comprehensive handbook which would serve as a factual and detailed reference book to events from 1960 up to the late spring of 1967.

As the editor of the Institute's monthly *Newsletters* from 1960-8, the choice fell on me to compile and edit what was throughout intended only as a reference or source book. This is a dead made quite clear in the director's foreword, my own preface and the publishers' blurb.

While parts at least of the book may with justice be called dreary, and synthetic and summary do not always go far enough, I do not therefore feel that it should be judged in the same category as the *Russ/Deakin* report, or indeed my own *Dark Strangers*, mentioned by your reviewer, which was a social anthropological report of my own fieldwork among West Indians in Britain.

SHEILA PATTERSON
8 Adelaide Crescent, Hove.

'He turned his charger ...'

Sir—"The solution to Mr. Littleton's problem (October 16) is not difficult. Briefly, what happened was that Burns re-worked an old chagabook ballad, *Molly Stewart*, and sent it to Johnson in his own hand for publication in Volume V of the *Latter Days of the Scottish Minstrel*. He did not acknowledge it as his, any more than he acknowledged *And Lang Syne* and many other re-workings of old material. Hogg (as Hentley and Henderson showed in their Centenary Edition of Burns, IV, 433-434) is simply in error in attributing this song to Captain Ogilvie. Scott read a version of "A wae! lo! is thine, third stanza in 'A wae! lo! is thine, fair maid' in *Kelch*, he either added this from the last stanza of *Molly Stewart* or, believing Burns' song to be a genuinely old one, adapted Burns' third stanza, which in fact is the one De Quincey, writing elsewhere which closely follows the original Burns' stanza runs:

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gave his bride-reins a shake,
With Adieu for evermore, my dear,
And Adieu for evermore.

The last stanza of *Molly Stewart* runs:
The trooper turned himself about all
On the Irish shore,
He has given his bride-reins a shake,
Saying "Adieu for evermore, my dear."

Adieu for evermore.
The version quoted by Tennyson to Ruskin was Scott's.

DAVID DAICHES.
The School of English and American Studies, The University of Sussex, Falmer, Brighton, Sussex.

Gandhi

Sir—As author of the first full biography of Gandhi (*Swami of God*, Indian Independence Union) may I be allowed to tell your reviewer that the answer to his question—"Can anyone suggest that the Raj would have lasted a day longer if Gandhi had never lived?"—is "Yes".

ROY WALKER.
Millfield, Bovford, Colchester.

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and Sharp quotes Heeres as casting doubt on it, that writer never had the opportunity of seeing the original, and his judgment was based on a photograph. The second portrait, in the National Library of Australia, is a group showing, it is alleged, Tasman, his second wife and his daughter.

While there is no conclusive proof of the subject of either of these two pictures, the man shown in each can well be the same individual, and the presence of a globe and a pair of dividers in each case suggests a navigator or geographer. The matter would certainly repay further investigation.

D. H. SIMPSON.
The Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Captain Swing

Sir—Mr. Peter Lienthardt speculates shrewdly on the radicalism of village shoemakers (October 2). Also in rural nineteenth-century America the village shoemaker turns up as the village radical, the village atheist. An example: Calvin Coolidge, a boy in Vermont was much influenced by a philosophical cobbler. Perhaps the explanation is merely that the shoemaker, almost alone in the village, sat day-long and solitary at his work. The tapping of his hammer could stimulate thought, whereas heavy labour on the farm could extinguish it.

MORRIS BISHOP.
903 Wyckoff Road, Ithaca, New York 14850, U.S.A.

Russian Communism

Sir—Some of David Lane's findings, in *The Roots of Russian Communism* (October 16) were anticipated early in this century by a Russian writer. Analysing the composition of the London Congress (1907) of the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party, he observed:

The figures showed that the majority of the Menshevik group were Jews... then came Georgians and then Russians. On the other hand, the overwhelming majority of the Bolshevik group were Russians. In this connection one of the Bolsheviks (I think it was Comrade Alexinsky) observed in jest that the Bolsheviks constituted a Jewish group while the Mensheviks constituted a true-Russian group, and, therefore, it wouldn't be a bad idea for the Bolsheviks to organize a pogrom in the party. It is not difficult to explain this composition of the different groups: the main centres of Bolshevikism are the areas of large-scale industry, purely Russian districts, with the exception of Poland, whereas the Menshevik districts are districts with small production, and at the same time, Jewish Georgian, etc. districts.

The writer (himself of Georgian origin) subsequently acquired unprecedented opportunities, of which he made full use, to carry out large-scale sociological experiments—liquidating "entire classes", transferring whole national groups from one part of Russia to another, and so on. The article quoted above will be found in the collected works of J. V. Stalin, Volume Two.

BRIAN PEARCE.
42 Victoria Road, New Barnet, Hertfordshire.

'The Five Ways'

Sir—The reviewer of my book *The Five Ways* in your issue of October 16 describes me as a Catholic. That is incorrect. I ceased to be a Catholic in 1965.

ANTHONY KENNY.
Balliol College, Oxford.

U.K. Rights

Sir—Leadership, Change and Work-Group Dynamics, by Ned A. Rosen, published in the United States by Cornell University Press, was advertised in the *TLS* (September 11) as being available in the U.K. through Cornell University Press Ltd. This is incorrect and we apologize for the mistake. Staples Press Ltd. control U.K. Rights for this book, and they intend to publish it in 1970. Any orders received by Cornell as a result of this advertisement will be forwarded to Staples Press Ltd.

SYDNEY R. DYSON.
I.B.E.G., 2-4 Brook Street, London, W1Y 1AA.

Sir—There were two misprints in the letter from Richard Clogg last week. "Marked" should read "Markedness", and in the Greek phrases the fifth letter of the first word should be "instead of a" they should read "instead of a" and "instead of a" and "instead of a".

Faber & Faber

Check list for November 10th

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To the Editor

Permissions

Sir—I have just had to send out 130 letters seeking permissions on an anthology I have edited. All this tremendous work could have been eased if there were standard payment. But each permission granted will vary in price per thousand words, and not either according to fame or merit. Moreover all this has to be repeated for the American rights. In addition my publishers will have to present that number of free copies of what will be an expensive book.

HERBERT VAN THAL.
53 Upper Brook Street, London, W.1.

Sir—It is useful to have elucidated from the Society of Authors and the Publishers Association that the agreement between them, which they have written into their *Guides*, is not the law, but a point of view, merely intended to "save everyone bother". In fact most authors and publishers have been persuaded that it is the law, and two publishers have recently sent me extracts implying that these were legally binding. Moreover, if we examine the *Guide* put out by the Society of Authors, it seems badly misleading. For instance, it says that "greater latitude is allowed when the quotation is made for the purposes of criticism" rather than, as the Act says, "an fair use". The definition of criticism is made for the purposes of criticism, rather than, as the Act says, "an fair use". The definition of criticism is made for the purposes of criticism, rather than, as the Act says, "an fair use".

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to submit a manuscript to be snatched in its implications, the Society told me that if the publishers were not prepared to give me permission without seeing it, they were "sorry to say" that my only course was to send it in the hope that they would not refuse. This is a counsel of despair indeed! The question obviously arises as scholars at the absolute mercy of copyright holders when they wish to comment on ideas which are publicly circulating, and need examination, if such examination requires extensive quotation to make it intelligible, or are they not? If our intellectual life—an important asset in the world at large—is to be healthy, then I believe the scholar must be free of all embarrassment, inhibition, censorship, and demand for payment, on such quotations.

on Harriot's manuscripts in *History of Science*, 1967, with bibliography). Only one work was finally published, the *Arithmetica practica ad aequationes algebraicas nova expedita, et generalis methodus resolvendi* (London, 1631), put together by his friends Torporley, Walter Warner, Sir Thomas Aylesbury, and perhaps others.

Search for Harriot's papers was one of the first enterprises of the Royal Society after its foundation, but nothing came of it. A further effort was made by the astronomer Baron von Zach after his visit to Petworth House, the Sussex seat of the Earl of Northumberland inherited by their descendant Lord Egremont. In 1784 von Zach published information about Harriot's astronomy, and claimed that Harriot had anticipated Galileo in his use of the telescope and Kepler in postulating elliptical planetary orbits.

More details and more critical information were made available by S. P. Rigaud, Savilian professor of astronomy at Oxford, who had set out originally to clear the university of having neglected to publish scientific work by Harriot discovered and submitted to it half a century earlier by von Zach. Rigaud's predecessor in the chair had reported that Harriot's

papers had no value for the advancement of existing scientific knowledge and had discounted their historical interest stressed by von Zach. Rigaud concentrated on exposing von Zach's mistakes. Rigaud's was the first critical study of records of Harriot's life and work, but he in turn failed to interest the Royal Society in the part Harriot had played in the history of science. His planned life of Harriot was never completed and he published only brief summaries and excerpts as an appendix to a work on another subject (*Supplement to Dr. Bradley's Miscellaneous Works*, 1833). He died in 1839 leaving letters, now at Petworth, describing his intentions and many folios of notes, now in the Bodleian Library. A fundamental addition to the known records was made some decades later with the discovery of Harriot's will by the American scholar Henry Stevens, published in his *Thomas Harriot* in 1900.

A major recent discovery is that, during a systematic experimental and mathematical study of the refraction of light in different media, beginning possibly as early as 1584 and carried out mainly between 1597 and 1605, Harriot formulated the sine law about 1601, more than twenty years before Willebrord Snell, after whom it is named (see the articles by J. W. Shirley in the *American Journal of Physics*, 1951 and by J. Lohse in *Centaurus*, 1959). Harriot made the first major advance since the fourteenth century by measuring the dispersion of sunlight into different colours by a glass prism and by using his sine law to give the accepted mathematical explanation of the rainbow. He also made a study of reflection at curved surfaces.

This work, especially on refraction, gives a new interest to Harriot's brief correspondence with Kepler during 1606-09, and since his sine law was well known to his friends, in particular to Warner, it raises the question of information reaching Snell and later Descartes. One possible channel to Descartes during the 1610s was from the English circles around Sir Charles Cavendish and Hobbes to the circles in touch with Mersenne in Paris (see Mersenne, *Correspondence*, edited by C. de Waard, especially Vols III, IV, VII, IX, X). But the problem interested enough people at this time for three of them to have solved it independently. Besides this question, Harriot's speculations on the nature of light and of matter (he was obviously an atomist) would repay careful study.

By July, 1609, Harriot possessed a telescope, so far as is known the first in England, and turned it on the moon, leaving the first known telescopic observation of that body (fig. 1). Whether he obtained his first "perspective trunk" from the Low Countries, or whether Tooke made it, is not known. But Tooke was shortly making telescopes of increasing power, both for Harriot and for his scientific friends. Harriot concentrated on the moon until the autumn of 1610. Meanwhile Galileo's *Sidereus nuncius* had reached England by July, and on October 17, 1610, Harriot followed Galileo in observing a satellite circling Jupiter, which excited him greatly. On November 16 he found a second. Continuing with more powerful glasses, he finally spotted all four Jovian planets and calculated their orbits and periods with remarkable accuracy.

He used his telescope with Tooke at Syon House at Uxworth on the Thames, and on the roof of a house at Blackfriars in London. On December 8, 1610, he saw his first sunspot, making use of light clouds or mist to permit direct observation, about the same time as Galileo later claimed to have done so with a different technique. For several years Harriot charted the spots he could see, leaving seventy-six folio pages with 199 drawings from direct observation. His notes on these observations are surprisingly modern, covering conditions of the sighting, place, instrument used, corroborative viewers, and the like. Calculations he left may show that he attempted to solve the problem of the rotation of the sun. He made charts of the comets of 1607

(Halley's) and 1618, with calculations predicting their orbits, which he agreed with Kepler in taking as ellipses.

Modern knowledge of Harriot's work on theoretical navigation, begun while employed by Raleigh, dates from the publications of D. H. Sadler and the late E. G. R. Taylor nearly twenty years ago. More recent studies (by J. V. Pepper in *Archive for the History of Exact Sciences*, 1968) have brought out the considerable purely mathematical interest of this work, showing how he was led to develop important and highly original theories of the conformity of stereographic projection (fig. 3), the rectification and quadrature of the logarithmic spiral, the exponential series and interpolation formulas (fig. 2), and to apply these results to his great unpublished logarithmic tables of meridional parts of 1614. In almost all these matters Harriot has a priority of decades over the giants who look into after in the seventeenth century, such as Torricelli, James Gregory, Wallis, Newton and Halley.

Harriot's contribution to algebra was almost certainly wider than that contained in the posthumous *Arithmetica practica* of 1631, but the contribution of the printed book should not be underestimated. It has been recognized since at least the time of Charles Hutton (1793) that this was the work that set down algebra in its modern literal form, virtually that familiar to pupils of elementary mathematics today. This in itself was a great achievement, which finally liberated routine arguments from verbal difficulties. The work includes the first occurrence of the modern inequality signs, but its notation for brackets is different from the modern one. Harriot's editors appear, with a very few exceptions, to have restricted letters to representing positive numbers, a serious restriction but one developed to produce some good examples of abstract reasoning based on the use of symbols. His own papers show that he knew about all types of roots and equations; the book gives improved and systematic methods of numerical solution.

Questions still unanswered are the relation of Harriot's work to the later work of Descartes, for example the "Rule of Signs", and to the earlier work of the great French mathematician François Viète, with Torporley as a possible link. Harriot's application of his algebraic notations to the geometrical propositions of Archimedes and later writers led him to consider the problem of centres of gravity, and he may have anticipated some of the earlier results in algebraic geometry. Certainly he used algebraic analysis in his work on the logarithmic spiral mentioned above. This particular example did not include the idea of the equation of a curve; his work led him to hope that light might be thrown on the quadrature of the circle, on the quadrature of unknown John Bulkeley dedicated to him a manuscript treatise in 1591, now among the Torporley papers at Sion College.

Very little of Harriot's work on projectiles and impact has so far been analysed. This was no doubt related to his studies on military affairs—for the range of ordnance—but as usual it went far beyond practical questions. He described and proved not only the parabolic orbit of projectile motion, but also the tilted parabolic orbit similar to that later considered by James Gregory. On impact there exists probably the only extant manuscript he prepared himself for the purpose of reaction. His work on specific gravities and weightings in fluids has also not been studied in any detail, but contemporaries such as Sir William Lower warned him of the hazards of not publishing and he was overtaken here by Marin Ghetaldi of Dubrovnik.

Harriot left work on theoretical astronomy, including commentaries on Tycho Brahe and Kepler, but anticipated Kepler's demonstration of elliptical orbits. That some of his theories are familiar to his contemporaries is clear from Henry Briggs' letter to George Hakewill in the late 1620s on Harriot's discovery of the area of a

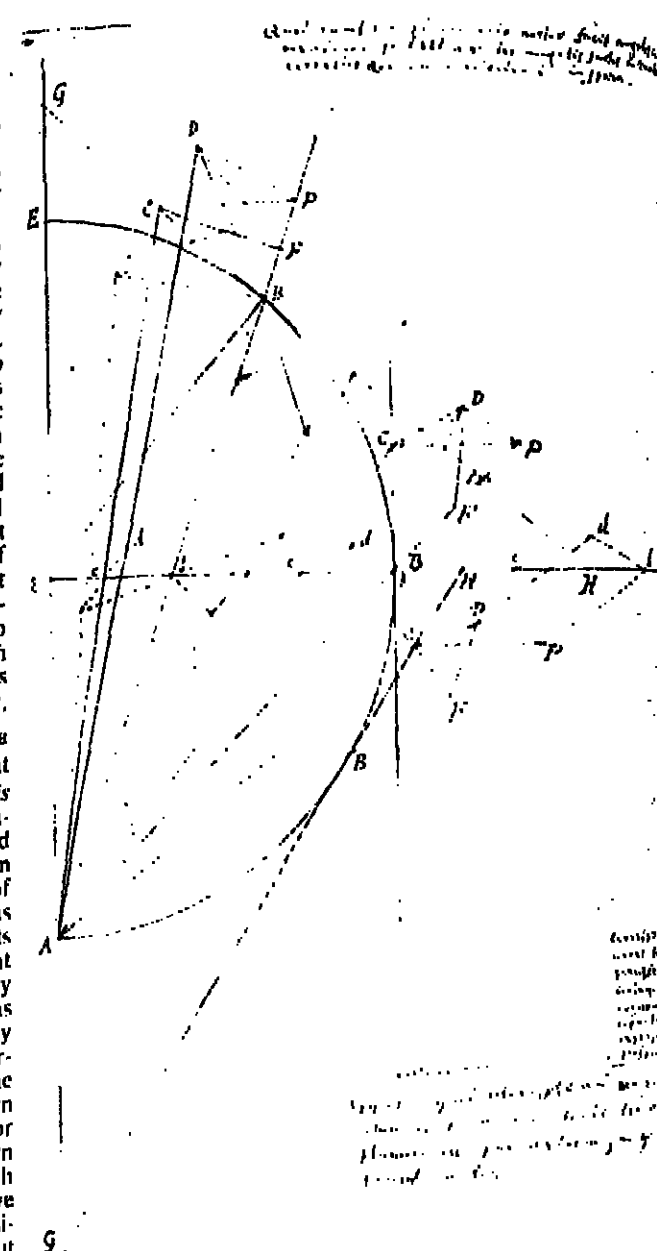


Figure 3. The diagram for Harriot's conicoid theory. This diagram is a technical drawing of a conicoid, showing its various parts and how they relate to each other in a three-dimensional space. It is a complex geometric construction with various points labeled with letters and lines.

spherical triangle, which can be dated not later than 1603. This particular result was published by Albert Girard (1629) and Bonaventura Cavalieri (1632). It is tantalizing that at present no other connexion has been established between Harriot and Briggs. There is a possibility that results on space lifting and on combinatorial analysis may have been known to Harriot.

Among other interests represented in Harriot's paper are chronology, the calendar, and map constructions. He attempted to apply advanced mathematical techniques to ship-building and lifting. He shared the contemporary interest in secret and symbolic languages, explored the use of a combinatorial calculus, and at a more mundane level was employed by Lord Burghley for his skill with ciphers (see the article by Miss I. S. Sarton in *Antiquity*, 1953-56) and possibly also by Sir Robert Cecil. The range and quality of his work as a natural philosopher and mathematician show this to have been not only of the highest order but also linked in a fascinating way to the scientific, practical, political and theological affairs among which he lived. It seems possible that it was fear of his reputation as a free thinker that prevented him from developing his philosophical ideas in writing; only fragmentary notes are now to be found among his papers.

The riches of the insight offered by Harriot's papers into the intellectual life of Elizabethan and Jacobean England and into this modern scientific thought cannot be fully known until these papers have been studied systematically and completely, and related to their contemporary context. With this as its first seminar is held in Oxford, comprising scholars whom a generous gift to the University has made it possible to invite for a two-day meeting. The seminar is related to the research into the history of natural philosophy, science and medicine in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries now active in Oxford, a natural centre for it by virtue of the richness of the Bodleian

Not so gentlemanly

F. BRISSENDEN (Editor): *Studies in the Eighteenth Century*. 327pp. Australian National University Press. London: Oxford University Press, £5.

It is interesting to compare these papers presented at the David Nichol Smith Memorial Seminar in 1966 with the festschrift for David Nichol Smith's seventieth birthday, *Essays in the Eighteenth Century*, published in 1945, and speculate on the changes in eighteenth-century scholarship in the past twenty-five years. In the earlier *Essays* the contributors were mostly all gentlemen (if a few Americans were in their midst, at least one of them had been to Oxford) and their writing ranges from the scholarly to the urbane. The subjects were Swift, Pope, Johnson, Burns, Scott, Wordsworth, and others and they confined themselves to literature and to literary criticism.

In *Studies in the Eighteenth Century* the cosy cohesion of the earlier volume has gone. The contributors come from Australia, Canada, and the United States, and the subjects include the history of ideas, philosophy, eighteenth-century reading habits, obituary, the fine arts, German as well as English literature.

There are some good general essays. Ian Watt discusses the contradictions of the Augustan view of the "Augustan" and ours, in *Two Historical Aspects of the Augustan Tradition*, a stimulating essay to be set beside Howard Robinson's "Augustans on Augustanism: England, 1655-1759" in *Language and Modern Studies* for 1967. Ralph Cohen heroically attempts to define "The Augustan mode in English Poetry" in a tough and sometimes impenetrable study. He does demonstrate the existence of a "prospective" technique which characteristically uses the accretion of details and their blending into each other in order to convey "a sense of harmony", as a common feature of literary and non-literary verse.

Reviving the second-rate

EDMUND BESTERMAN (Editor): *Studies on Voltaire and the Eighteenth Century*. Volume LXIII. 804pp. 25s. tr. Volume LXIV. 264pp. 25s. tr. Volume LXV. 212pp. 25s. tr. Volume LXVI. 233pp. 25s. tr. Geneva: Institut et Musée Voltaire.

Three of the four latest volumes in the series are each devoted to a single author, while the fourth contains five essays on widely differing topics over the eighteenth century. In volume LXIII, J. B. Rattierman has the first time collated the texts of three manuscript versions of Molière's *Le Mariage de Figaro*, with the original printed edition, offering an indispensable inventory of study to anyone wishing to do a serious analysis of Beaumarchais's play. The editor draws interesting conclusions on his account about the structure, but is content to offer the text, which as his main contribution to Beaumarchais scholarship. Volume LXV is given over to S. Tate's study of the *Mémoires secrets* which he found. This examination of a second-rate figure develops into an account of popular culture during this period and, ambitiously, of the position of literature in France, particularly from 1770 onwards. Dr. Tate writes with probably the most lucid view of the *parlements* to be found for some time; he sees them as concerned with national rather than sectarian matters, content to place the law, the nation

Joseph Burke's well-illustrated essay on "The Grand Tour and the Rule of Taste" shows the part played by the function of the Grand Tour as an improver of artistic taste in forming the curiously hierarchical "Rule of Taste" in eighteenth-century theorizing about painting and architecture.

Franklin L. Ford tries to find a "Useful Redefinition" of the Enlightenment in secular humanism, the reliance on rational analysis, the sense of change, and the sense of liberation. This essay no doubt provoked an interesting discussion at the seminar, but on paper it seems too short a treatment of the subject—if the subject can be treated at all. Of the other general essays, S. A. Grave discusses "Some Eighteenth-Century Attempts to Use the Notion of Happiness", and J. H. Tisch "Milton and the German Mind in the Eighteenth Century". R. M. Wiles provides "Fresh Evidence" on "Middle-Class Literacy in Eighteenth-Century England", and W. J. Cameron surveys library holdings of eighteenth-century books in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

The particular essays mostly concern themselves with the later part of the century: the Age of Johnson rather than the Age of Pope. Johnson himself is the subject of no fewer than three essays. John Hardy on *Johnson, Roy S. Wolper* on Johnson's passion for the drama, and M. N. Austin on his classical learning. Professor Hardy's essay is the most important of these. It makes Johnson's neglected poem seem much more coherent and solves the old problem about Johnson's "sincerity". We "should forget that Johnson was later the great city-dweller" and recognize that *London* "shows good reasons, both moral and political, for depicting life in the country as a desirable and even necessary alternative to life in the city". Professor Hardy argues that the poem is specifically and topically a political poem, and that the abuses it rails were the abuses of the failing Walpole administration. Finally, he makes the interesting

suggestion that "Orgilio" represents Walpole.

In a learned essay on "The Apocryphal of Christopher Smart", A. D. Hope takes up W. H. Bond's idea that *Jubilate Agno* was originally conceived as the opening move in Smart's campaign of reform of the Anglican order of service, and argues that *Jubilate Agno* contains in itself the explanation of a plan of reform. C. J. Horne has a neat essay on "The Fable in Swift's Poetry", and the editor of the volume demonstrates what a literary scholar can do when faced by a philosophical text in his discussion of the interesting contradictions and confusions Hume fell into when he used the word "sentiment".

The two remaining essays may seem peripheral, but they provide their own sort of interest. In "The Muse of Mercantilism" O. H. K. Spate quotes some hilarious extracts from Jago, Grainger, and Dyer, and in the most unusual essay in this volume, "The Birth of Tristram Shandy", Arthur H. Cash gives a fascinating account of Dr. John Burton of York (the original for Dr. Slop and for Walter Shandy's genetic theories) together with much information about eighteenth-century obstetric practices, illustrated by some quite horrifying plates of forps, crochets, hooks and extractors. In the best spirit of scholarly inquiry, Professor Cash was prepared to suffer for his researches. Burton's forps are poorly designed for a child's head, and too bulky. They have a further deficiency, he found:

So great is the magnification of force between the screw handle and the claw-like blades, that the operator has no sense of the pressure being exerted by the blades. The discovery was made, to my sorrow, upon the bones of my hands, which, like those of Uncle Toby's, were nearly broken as [the demonstrator] casually turned the handle.

The book begins with an account of David Nichol Smith by Herbert Davis, and ends with a bibliography of Nichol Smith's works.

The original CID

ANTHONY BABINGTON: *A House in Bow Street*. 252pp. Macdonald. £2.55.

So many learned—and many not so learned—authors have written about the different aspects of the unique police magistracy which developed at Bow Street in the eighteenth century that it is no light task to make any significant contribution to its study. Mr. Babington has familiarized himself conscientiously with the work of his predecessors; he has gone back to the documents; and he brings to his task the special interest of one who is himself a London Magistrate and has sat at Bow Street. Mr. Babington has been more categorical about the evolution of the office of constable than the consensus of scholarly opinion would allow when he writes—"Edward III instituted a new official, the petty, or parish constable, to replace the ancient peace officers whose usefulness had long been outmoded" (it is noteworthy that Helen Cam's name does not appear in his bibliography)—but little fault, other than in proof-reading, can be found with what he has to say about his principal topic. His story of the Bow Street Office, from the days of de Veil until its removal from the west to the east side of the thoroughfare in 1831, is admirably clear. It might be argued that the scope of the study should have been limited to the ending of the old order in 1839, but all that Mr. Babington has written is interesting and the old house itself deserved to have its whole lifetime recorded.

More than a third of the book is devoted to the salient work of Henry and John Fielding. It was they and their collaborators who established the style of police detective work, together with the concepts and techniques of criminal investigation which have stood the test of time;

they also branched out into professional preventive patrolling and were pioneers in the social extension of the police function. Due stress is laid upon the way in which the judicial role of the justice was newly established at Bow Street. Mr. Babington goes far to explain the character of eighteenth-century police magistrates and has supplemented and corrected other writers' findings. He points, out, for instance, that Henry Fielding was named in a Middlesex Commission of the Peace in 1747; it has long been accepted that his first appointment was for Westminster in the following year.

One of the consequences of the two Fieldings' work was the setting up of stipendiary police magistracies under the Middlesex Justices' Act of 1792, each with a complement of constables. Among the new justices was Patrick Colquhoun, who, with the Fieldings, must be regarded as responsible for the departures which led to modern policing. He is almost alone in having acknowledged his debt to the Fieldings' "excellent ideas and accurate and extensive knowledge upon every subject connected with the Police of the Metropolis, and the Means of preventing crimes". The London stipendiaries' police functions survived the institution of the Metropolitan Police for a decade, during which the Runners and the stipendiaries' officers continued to carry out criminal investigations, until they were disbanded by Parliament in 1839. The same legislation made Bow Street part of the system of stipendiary magistrates' courts. Its old status in public regard, however, remains in its association with the office of the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate. *A House in Bow Street* is written in the round, with the history of the court and its characters firmly related to the social context and to the realities of summary jurisdiction and police work.

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